

THE
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COLLEGIAN



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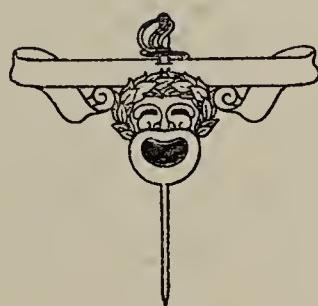
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The St. Joseph's Collegian

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Number Six

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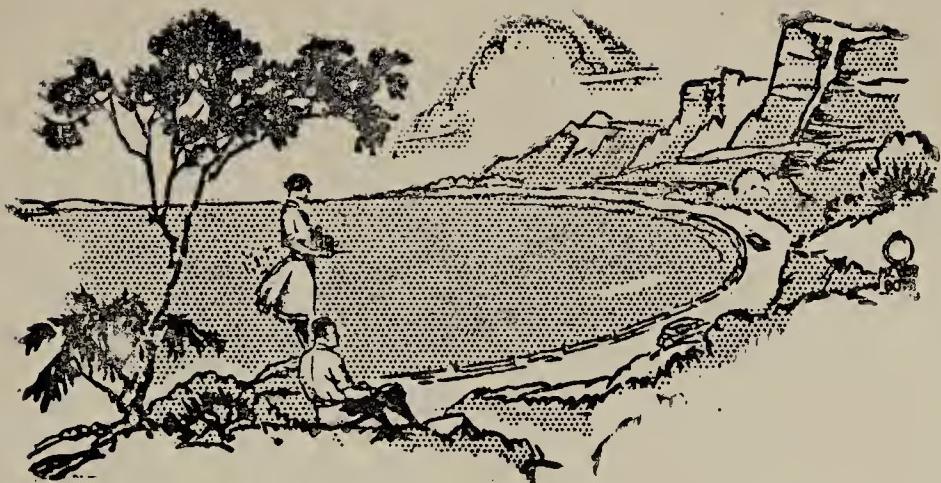
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Erin

W. J. Voors '33

Tranquilly in the seas an island lies;
Gray silvery clouds encircle its shores;
Above them the skies are radiant with light.
As if with her wand some fairy the color changed,
Gradually the skies and clouds melt into blue and gold
Over hills and plains with their carpet of green
On which herds may be seen
Grazing in the peace and freshness of morn.



The Emerald Shores

Kenneth Hurlow '33

IN the order of human events through which this world of ours has rolled onward from time unknown, it does so happen that a benign providence allows the weak to become strong, and the small to become great. Thus it has occurred that an island country like Ireland, a land of no remarkable extent having an area considerably smaller than our own state of Indiana, has been given a chance to exert an influence on the history of culture and civilization far outstripping the boldest guess that even the wisest man might make who has not acquainted himself with the record of Ireland's achievement. From the days of the celebrated hero, Cuchulain, down to the reign of King Cormac mac Art in the third century before the Christian era, intellectual awakening had already broken through the dreams of the sidhe, and a written language burst into the song, "I am the wind that breathes upon the sea."

But it was the coming of Christianity in 432, that this island country, which in earlier times, above doubt, had been considered too insignificant for the

glory of the Roman sword, took to the trail of progress that very quickly gained for it the crowning fame as expressed in the title of Christian Greece of the West. Its teachers equipped with every variety of pleasant brogue when using foreign tongues, penetrated fearlessly into neighboring countries which were still overshadowed by the dark cloud of ignorance which followed in the wake of the Migration of Nations, and there sought to kindle the torch of faith and learning. Their success in these endeavors is easily plain from the honor they gained at the court of Charlemagne which caused their homeland to be named "Insula Sanctorum et Scholarum."

That courage in battle was not wanting is sufficiently proved by the tussle with the Northmen, who harried every shore of the northern seas with firebrand and battleax, and, thinking that Ireland would fall an easy pray to their vikings, made a show of particular savagery against the inhabitants when they met with a resistance that was a match to their own daring spirit. Though it took a long time, yet the battle of Clontarf in 1014 gave the Northmen to understand that Ireland would not have them as rulers and would not even give them a slice of their land for settlement similar to what was done in England and France in order to placate their ferocity. The long conflict with the northern barbarians could not pass away, however, without leaving its tale of woe. Flourishing schools sank into ruins; monasteries lay in ashes, and the hand that had fashioned the Book of Kells lost its disciples, for two centuries of conflict had put into all hands the sword and spear in place of brush and quill. That civil broils should follow upon so long a period of warfare was

to be expected, but that this wrangling throughout the land, once famous for peaceful pursuits, should portend the coming of lasting disaster for the island is something that no one could guess; but the disaster came.

King Henry II of England found a good reason for having a little diversion. His conscience was burdened with the murder of St. Thomas a Becket. True, some of his advance agents had prepared the way for his coming to Ireland on what looked like an honorable purpose, and he was more than glad to avail himself of the opportunity. In 1171 he crossed the Irish Sea on a vacation jaunt with Dublin as his destination. If there was any ambition in him, and likely there was, he concealed it. But he did not miss his chance to weld upon the land that first link in the long chain of alien bondage which was to hold the Celt in servitude to the Saxon-Norman for centuries to come. After having accomplished this much, Henry returned to England where at the tomb of St. Thomas a Becket, he got that public licking so richly deserved. But that licking did not destroy the effect of his vacation in Ireland. Things might have turned out different had he been licked in Dublin in place of receiving hospitality.

But to regain a firm footing on the roadways of earlier glory was now impossible for Ireland because of endless political machinations. She had become entangled in the chains of England, whose policies in the newly acquired territory of a sister island was nothing short of the old maxim, "Divide et impera." Conditions, however, were not unbearable because there was little interference in the local government of the island until the advent of the later

days of Henry VIII, the entire reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the invasion under Oliver Cromwell. It was at this time that a struggle was set on foot for Faith and Fatherland, a struggle that was not to abate for very nearly four centuries. Such was the disaster that followed in the track of the civil dissensions that held sway in consequence of the Northmen invasion. Had the earlier schools and the pacific endeavors of missionaries and scholars been permitted to continue unhampered, there evidently would have come from the shores of Ireland a benefit to European civilization that was badly needed in the Middle Ages and would have proved to be a blessing in later centuries just as well.

As the country of Ireland, however, small as it is, made itself heard in the affairs of the world during earlier centuries, so it was destined to make itself known by the world-wide dispersion of its people in later times, and that because of the disaster that had befallen it. If its people found it impossible to carry with themselves the treasures of knowledge that had been their great possession in bygone days, and that because they had been forcibly deprived of these treasures, yet they brought with themselves that Celtic touch which has made itself felt with distinct advantage among the nations of the world, no matter how distant from the Irish shores, as history plainly testifies. Of course, wherever the Irish emigrant came, calumny either preceded him or quickly hurried to dog his steps. But he lived it down in every case, if not by the aid of wit and humor, then by the help of his stalwart Celtic personality. It was his success in every walk of life that ultimately mocked the designs of his persecutors

and secured honor for him together with increased fame for the name of St. Patrick. Truly, the Irishman is a living witness wherever he is encountered to the meaning of the saying, "If you want to kill a thing, don't persecute it." As history shows, people can be killed by kindness, flattery, and luxury; but not by persecution.

For ages it has been customary to blame the country of Ireland for holding too firmly to what is called outworn traditions. But a nation that forgets its past, digs a grave for its memory. In matters of social progress it is better, and not perhaps either, to walk with feet of lead and to grasp with hands of iron, than to soar aloft lightmindedly on the filmy wings of whims and fancies, as only too many nations have done to their own undoing. From its past traditions Ireland has drawn the courage required to break that chain of bondage of which the first link was welded on its people in 1171, and which grew ever more heavy and entangling in the course of succeeding events. The Irish Free State with its Dail Eireann is only the first sign that the chain is broken, and in the hopes that this sign inspires, the Irish people fondly expect to remove the last remnants of its grinding weight by establishing a pure Gaelic Republican form of government. The long broken thread of the glories of the past may then be mended, and the future may hold promises of the revival of Gaelic art superior even to that as symbolized in the celebrated Book of Kells.



Blossom Time In Ireland

(A Lullaby)

P. Thomas

I wish I were in Ireland at the blooming of the year,
When the hawthorn fills with perfume all the shining air, my
dear;

When the thrush sings in the hedges with minstrelsy as sweet
Is answered by the blackbird from his castle's high retreat.
In each cowslip spangled meadow while these feathered pipers
play

You can see the fairies dancing at the closing of the day.

Acushla, lean your golden head upon your granny's breast
And listen to the echoes of that song before you rest.
My heart flies back to Ireland, and I hear those fairy feet
Go dancing down the blossomed ways of memories old and
sweet,

And I see the gleaming waters of a hundred laughing streams
That bubbling in the sunshine still go tumbling thru my
dreams.

There's a veil of silver moonlight over Ireland's queenly hills,
And a holy peace at eventide each lovely valley fills.
The gold stars shining over her so tenderly at night
Are the eyes of angels watching till the blessed morning's
light.

Ah, my sight is dim, acushla, with the tear drops in my eyes,
But still I see old Erin smiling 'neath the dreaming skies.



Out of the Deep Blue

Thomas Danehy '33

"**A**YE, mother, where is the black bow tie that Johnny gave to me when he was last home?" asked Patrick Mulcahey as he was fidgeting with his collar in an effort to be all spruced up for a momentous reunion. Singing merrily in anticipation of the joy that would be his at the return of his son who had travelled abroad, Mr. Mulcahey did not mind the twisting and pinching that usually go with the donning of an old fashioned shirt when newly laundered.

"You never keep your things in order; that is the aggravating doing about you," retorted Mrs. Maggie Mulcahey, his wife. "Just a few days along, I got a wardrobe for you with shelves, drawers, and hangers, and here it is with you like always, 'Where is this and where is that.' If your black bow tie is not to be found, then wear your green one. Tomorrow is St. Patrick's Day, and though you may be anticipating a bit in the 'wearin' o' the green,' yet it will mean that for once in your life you are on time in your doings. Here is your green tie; it will become your looks exceedingly."

Having finished his dressing to the strains of "Come Back to Erin," Patrick walked over to Maggie and exclaimed:

"Have you ever seen the likes of me?"

"Ah, Patrick, and sure it is as I say that you look as gorgeous as you did on the day when you took me for better or for worse. It'll be a happy reunion when our son, Johnny, returns home to us. An' now you better be a hurrying to Cobh to meet the boat. You know that it is a good ten-mile drive from here in Ballyhooly to yonder port; and do make sure to be on time."

"Hand me my shellalah, dear, and I'll be off. Ah, but look at this; two silver cappings missing from the notches. A mishap this, full of ill. Nay, nay, I'll never go when there are signs of evil in the air. Where are the cappings? What would Johnny say if he were to see this sort of negligence? Nay, nay, go I will not afore I have the cappings, and if I should never reach that boat. A shellalah with silver cappings missing would disgrace me in the eyes of my son, and go without the shellalah, I will not; ah, ah, what will be doing now? Maggie, Maggie, how could you be so careless about the welfare of our house!"

"Go now, I say, and don't be putting around here and stammering out words that have no meaning. Your patron saint is St. Patrick; what other protection could you want? Throw this fool thing into the fire—there—now get out of this house and on the way."

"Well, and I'll be going." Saying these words, Patrick turned, kissed Maggie affectionately, and soon jogged along the pleasant country road to Cobh. He had no mind to drive his horse, old Jaminah, too quickly, for there were too many happy thoughts to think about. Ah, if Johnny could only be that small

tot again he had been twenty years ago! To see him dash through the house and chatter incessantly was more joy than all the world besides could give. He had sacrificed much time and money even when it hurt to afford some little pleasure for Johnny, and in his thoughts he fondly settled on a firm resolve that he would do it again. It had been a sad day, indeed, when Johnny had departed for foreign lands. It was not only travel either that the young man had in view, but also an education to be gotten especially in America. This education included a training in law. Ah, what a lawyer Johnny would make! Surely half the world would rush to be his clients; and why not? Had he not sent home notice that he had been graduated with highest honors; that he had been congratulated upon his success by really big men; that he had shaken hands with the President of the United States, and with other men the palms of whose hands had held more gold than was required to buy all Ireland? But all this getting of honors had taken years, and the one thing Johnny did not know was how much he was missed at home, how much his good mother, Maggie, had worried about him even if she pretended to be gay and cheerful all the while. Now all this sadness and worry had ended in joy, as Johnny was returning home.

"Haiah! Begorra, Pat Mulcahey, in what direction are you headed? You'd better watchout where you are going," thus saluted Jimmy O'Riordan.

These words broke in on Patrick's revery with a jolt. His thoughts had so deeply absorbed all his attention that he did not even notice that he was aimlessly driving through the streets of Cobh. He be-stirred himself, and with a look of surprise answered:

"And Jimmy O'Riordan, is it you? It is a long time past since I have seen the likes of you. But I'm so glad to see you that I'd tap you on the head with my shellalah to make you remember this meeting if only I had the thing with me. Say, Jimmy, I am going to fetch my son, Johnny, from the boat; will you be with me?"

"Ah, Pat," replied Jimmy, "that boat will not come to harbor for some time. I'm just returning now from the dock and have noticed that the Lucania is somewhat slow. Let's stop and have a 'niefter' together. A little of something under your belt will put that extra glow of health on your face that will make Johnny feel happy to see you. Why, if you were to meet him without being in high spirits, he would hardly recognize you. Besides you will learn a great deal when you arrive at the dock, and I want you to be able to look at things understandingly. Come, let's have our 'niefter'."

Jimmy O'Riordan knew that Patrick Mulcahey was to meet with sore disappointment. At the dock he had learned of a terrible accident at sea. The Lucania had been rammed by another vessel in a blinding fog and had carried all its passengers and crew down to a watery grave. He considered it good luck that he had by mere chance met his old acquaintance, Patrick Mulcahey, whom he might now prepare in some measure for the bad news that was impending.

As Jimmy and Patrick were having their "niefter" together and talking cheerfully, newsboys on the streets suddenly shouted "EXTRA! EXTRA!" "What can this mean?" enquired Patrick.

"We shall be off to the dock now," returned Jimmy.

After both were seated in the rig, Patrick made old Jaminah go at a lively trot. He would not be late, and in his hurry he took no further notice of the shouting of the newsboys. His high spirits even made him strike up a song, only to be suddenly interrupted by a crowd that milled about, jabbered, shouted, and wept before a big billboard. Overcome by excitement, he left the horse over to Jimmy, while he jumped from the rig and pushed through the crowd to see what might be the cause of all this trouble. There on the poster he saw what his eyes could hardly believe—"Lucania Lost at Sea with All on Board."

Pat Mulcahey felt weak in his legs. Was it that last drink that made him so uncertain? The glow on the wrinkled face was replaced by a blanch, haggard expression. He looked over towards the blue horizon, but there was not even a fishing smack racing with the wind. Jimmy finally sought him out and drew him to the rig.

"I shall be going home with you, Pat," said Jimmy.

"Terrible, terrible, terrible" was all that Patrick could say on the way homeward.

To break the sad news to Maggie was the next ordeal before Patrick and Jimmy, but contrary to their expectations she, though visibly stunned and sorely disappointed, could not be made to believe that Johnny would not return home.

"I've recommended Johnny to the care of St. Patrick on his homeward voyage, and I feel sure that he will return to us," were her words—words re-

peated at every pang of sorrow that she experienced.

"Nay, nay," sobbed Patrick, "he is gone; we shall never touch his hand again. Did I not tell you that the loss of the cappings of silver on the shellalah was a sign of evil? A banshee removed them to give us a warning of great trouble."

"Out with your talk about a banshee; there is no such critter," Maggie returned rather sharply, "rather let us pray."

They sat quietly far into the night and prayed with Jimmy in their company. Past midnight, a rap at the door startled them.

"There is Johnny," exclaimed Maggie. In a moment she opened the door and caught her son in her arms. Patrick and Jimmy sat there dumbfounded; they could not believe their eyes.

"Begorra, Dad," saluted Johnny, "what ails you; and you too, our old acquaintance, Jimmy?"

"Is it you, Johnny, or is it your ghost; is it your ghost or you?" stammered Patrick.

"Away with your ghosts, shellalahs and ban-shees; this is our son, our real son, Johnny," Maggie warned.

"Tell us how you came out of the scrape, for the boat on which you came went down," Jimmy ventured to ask timidly.

"That is a long and terrible story," Johnny replied. "I shall relate it tomorrow. Only I will say that while afloat on the deep, I called upon St. Patrick for help. How it came, I don't know, but suddenly I was grappled and hoisted up a rope ladder attached to the vessel that rammed the *Lucania*, and now I am here at home just seven hours late. What I want now is a little rest."

"That you shall have, son," cheerfully assured Patrick. "And enough rest too, you shall have. If only you could say that all the other passengers were saved, it would make us feel still more happy, but of that you can relate tomorrow when we shall celebrate the feast of reunion after all these years of your absence. But—sh-sh! Did you save that glorious 'sheepskin' that came to you from the school? I would enjoy seeing—Oh well, tomorrow about that, all of it tomorrow. Good night! Ah, glory to God and St. Patrick, my patron saint, and the eternal joy of all Erin!"

The Morning Star

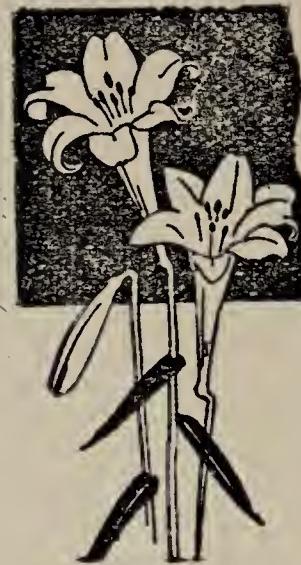
H. P. Kenney '33

All hail to thee, O heaven born,
Precursor of the dewy morn!
How beautiful thou art to me
O lustrous star, eternally!

Much like a diamond in the sky,
Agleam above the earth on high
Where sparkling brightly thou dost shine
A gem on God's own crown divine.

O thou, who art so free to rove
Among the silvered starry drove
And whirl with planets to and fro,
I wonder why it must be so

While I must stay upon the ground.
If wings of light here might be found,
I'd soar aloft up there to thee;
Yet wonder why it must not be.



St. Joseph

U. J. Wurm '33

Hail, St. Joseph, father kind!
The Christian world proclaims your fame
In songs that rise from hearts sincere
To herald far and wide your name.

Purest soul, to you we come
In fondest hope to share your love:
Oh, keep us free from satan's snare,
And guide our steps to realms above.

Foster father to our Lord;
To Mary here on earth, a guide;
For us be evermore a guard
That in your grace we may abide.

Heed our calling for your aid:
To you we come and ask for care;
May not your glory spurn to hear
Your wayward children's humble prayer.



la feile padraig

Rhapsody in Green

William McKune '34

WHEN the musical contribution of Austria is brought to our mind, we think at once of Schubert; when we recall Germany, a vision of Wagner rises in our imagination; Italy has its Verdi and Rossini, Russia its Tschaikowsky, Poland its Chopin. Even America points to at least one small representative, Victor Herbert. But Ireland, little, lovable Ireland has composers also to grace its history; it has also its songs. It has Wallace, Balfe and others.

Once, I remember, when I was quite young, I had occasion to play before a little company of nuns back home. Among them was one who still carried an unmistakable air of Erin about her, whether from ancestry or from actual sojourn in Ireland, I do not know. Somehow I wandered to Irish music, and I think it was "Where the River Shannon Flows" that I finally hit upon. I had known that song ever since I was old enough to find Ireland on the map. I probably made a mess of it, but the piece itself must have awakened a memory or enlivened a sleeping desire in her, because when I finished playing it

I heard her say, with a kind of far-away look in her eyes, while trying to appear as impersonal as possible "There's something about Irish music that just goes right to your heart."

Naturally Irish music reaches the heart, because it springs from the heart. The Irish have never bothered with laborious symphonies; have never soared into the intellectual realms of the continental classicists. I suppose that many of them never heard of Beethoven. They merely found a hidden chord of love in their own hearts and linked it with the object of that love. "Macushla," they sing, and "Machree" from their soul-depths to their country or to their mothers and their colleens. And in doing so they have discovered the charm of simplicity.

If there could be one nation picked out as a nation of love, most of us would select Spain with its romance of guitars and castanets; its balconies and black-eyed senoritas. Our very thought of it is connected with torreadors and troubadours and gay costumes all upon a background of southern softness. But in all of Spanish love there is just the faintest touch of voluptuousness. Ireland, too, is devoted to love, but it is a different kind of love; it is more spiritual, more hearty. It is not thought of in a setting of dark nights and starlit waters, but rather against an open panorama of blue skies and heather and honest sunshine. When an Irishman loves he "can hear the angels sing." He does not become passionate but poetic. That is why the music of the Irish is such a fitting expression of their love, because it is simple and sincere.

Then, too, there is a subtle, yet deep significance,

to be found in all Irish songs. It is the realization that the Irish as a people have outlived and overcome centuries and centuries of oppression; have surmounted all the insults, ravagings and bullyings of the enemies of an enduring Faith. In the folk songs of many European countries, Hungary, Russia, Scandinavia, there often appears a haunting moroseness, a tone in a minor key that sighs for broken hearts and saddened enterprises. But in the songs of Ireland there is little room for lugubriousness; only buoyancy and hope and happiness flow in their lilting melodies. Occasionally, of course, in a repertoire of Irish music, we might discover a treatment of the sadder themes of life, but even then there is never a note of despondency. In this fact can be seen a splendid tribute to the faith of Saint Patrick glowing on the Isle of Saints "like a candle that's set in a window at night." It has been overridden, stifled in the blood of its adherents, but it still exhibits itself in the melodies of its children, and that not in a manner calling for pity and mourning, but in a spirit of joy for past and continued suffering. "A little bit of heaven fell from out the clouds one day" is not merely poetry, nor is it only a burst of patriotic pride. Ireland is loved by the angels even if it was not named by them.



The Heart of Erin

J. G. Pike '33

This world has never seen
A heart more docile, kind, serene,
Than is the heart of Erin.
Greed and hate find there no home,
For beauty is the only crown
That it would have,
That it would share
Without or change or lack of constancy;
For in this heart fair love is bound
That will not break nor yield for blow or wound.
So true and kind to all;
The heart of Erin cannot fall
Before a want of pity.
Charity still rules its mind,
For that St. Patrick planted there
With saintly grace,
With holy hand,
That it might hold for aye supre^r
O'er all the strife that life may bring,
And bid man calm his fears and turn to sing.

A Colleen Chooses

Alfred Horrigan '34

HAVING finished his studies at Trinity College, Dublin, Garry Munro felt that behind his rugged countenance and inquisitive gaze an idea was slowly crystalizing into a definite objective. With his usual straightforwardness he went to his Uncle Allen, his sole living relative, and deliberately spoke of the vision that had dawned in his mind. Briefly, he would finish his engineering course in distant lands preferably in America, and then with knowledge matured by American technique, he would return and settle himself hopefully to some gigantic project of Irish development.

His Uncle Allen listened carefully taking note all the while of that something like the madness akin to poetry which flickered in Garry's eyes. He knew that look; it had been the heritage of the "Mad Munros," as they were called, for generations. Acquiescence beamed on his face in response to the proposition and raised a glow of satisfied feeling on the face of his nephew, who in answer to the look of Uncle Allen replied very cheerfully, "Very good, sir," and made ready to leave for America.

Preparations were quickly made for the voyage, and just as quickly, upon arriving in America, Garry hurried off to the famous Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Here, as he found, the fall term was well under way, and to make up for lost time, he plunged into his work without delay. In due time friendships were established that made him feel less alien and brought him in line with the social and intellectual activities of his fellows at school. Very soon daily work and routine created a quiet, proper,

comfortable, though busy, mode of living. With nothing to disquiet his mind, Garry made rapid progress in his studies and in absorbing "American technique," as he called it, but like ancient Thales, who, while eagerly studying the stars stumbled into a pit, so it happened to him.

During the second month of the fall term, a note reached Garry asking him to call at the office of the Dean. In a mildly curious frame of mind, he put in his appearance at the time appointed, only to find himself unexpectedly surprised. There at a desk sat a young lady of most engaging looks, the Dean's secretary, of course, who now regarded him with a politely questioning air. Momentarily he felt much embarrassed, but he managed to regain his poise.

"Is the Dean in?" he asked in a rather impersonal tone.

"Yes, he is," was the reply. "You are Mr. Munro?"

It seemed to Garry that it was not he himself, but someone else who answered very perfunctorily, "Yes, I am. The Dean is expecting me, I believe."

"Yes, sir. The first door to the left, please," said a voice whose ring he could not easily forget.

The interview with the Dean was a mere pleasantry. That worthy gentleman had no further purpose in citing Garry to his office than to pour out his enthusiasm over a book which Uncle Allen had written. In epithets of praise that flowed over Garry in soft ripples like the murmur of a gentle stream, he brought out criticism relevant and irrelevant, but always agreeable. More to the point than anything else said by the Dean was the casual reference he

made to some work done by his secretary, Miss Rosaleen Sheridan. That name Garry was glad to learn, and it would be easy to remember.

After leaving the Dean's office, he forgot all the pleasantries of that interview in wondering how he might manage to secure an introduction to the secretary whom he had seen at the desk. Fortune worked with speed in his behalf, for, only three days later, as he entered an uptown restaurant at noon, a genial voice coming from a table near to his own called out a cheerful greeting. Garry looked up and there saw one of his late acquaintances, Donald Atwell, an honor graduate from West Point, who like himself, was finishing his engineering course at the Institute. But more surprising than to see Donald was to see Rosaleen Sheridan in his company. In a moment both Donald and Rosaleen came over to Garry, and the longed for introduction took place. They even re-arranged their table sitting and had luncheon together. Rosaleen broke into the conversation rather mischievously by telling how Garry had stalked into the office of the Dean so business-like several days ago that he had almost frightened her.

"Well," laughed Garry in reply to her story, "I feel that it is now my most solemn duty, since we have come to know each other better, to convince you that I am not so terrible after all."

"Of that I am quite convinced," answered Rosaleen, "now that I see you at this luncheon ready to eat and speak as other folks do, something that I hardly believed of you seeing how solemn and grave you were just a few days ago in the Dean's office."

With more of this genial banter, the luncheon hour passed quickly leaving Garry to muse that it re-

quired almost an optimist to believe that the introduction to Rosaleen, so ardently expected, was already a thing of the past. But just as that luncheon hour was a thing of the past, Rosaleen must be a thing of the past; thus he resolved. No, he would not step in the way of so respectable a young man as was Lieutenant Donald Atwell. Yet there was this vexing thing in consequence of meeting Rosaleen that he could no longer reflect quietly on his homeland with its purple Irish heather backed by the gold of the gorse and by the green of the lovely Irish sea without seeing the face of Rosaleen rising among these beauties of his dreams. He often wondered if Ireland were not her home as well as his, and if her thoughts were not frequently dwelling on the same scenes that interested him. Perhaps the friendliness she had displayed towards him at the luncheon had as its reason a love of her own country and of her own people. Yet nothing would make any difference to him, of that he felt sure. He was resolved not to be rude to his friend, and for this reason Rosaleen must leave his thoughts.

For once there was to be no breaking of friendship between two young men, both of whom had been captivated by the charms of the same colleen. Hardly had a few weeks passed when Donald, without the slightest feeling of jealousy, asked Garry to take up rooming with him to the end that each might help the other in engineering problems. Often during the years that were required to finish their studies did both young men see Rosaleen, and often was she in their company at social affairs. But Garry held to his resolution; not for any price would he thwart his friend in affairs of the heart. That Rosaleen enter-

tained kindly sentiments towards him, of that he was sure, but in spite of his frequent talks with her, he could not be sure of anything more, and for the sake of Donald, he did not care to know anything more.

Months slipped by almost unnoticed, as they commonly do for people who are busy and happy. As they quietly formed into years, the time came along for Donald and Garry to be graduated, and that meant the close of their idyllic life and daily companionship. Neither of the two could fail to think of this fact, just as neither of the two could fail to think of Rosaleen. One evening in the month of May, towards the close of their last year of schooling, both young men were sitting quietly and seemingly working hard over their books, when of a sudden Donald sprang to his feet and practically shouted at his companion:

"Listen Garry, let's get this thing straight."

Garry remained calm and merely answered with a nod.

"I know your feelings, Garry," Donald continued, "your feelings towards Rosaleen. Do you get me?"

Again, Garry merely nodded. He would not trust himself to speak. He felt that words might lead to quarreling, and quarrel with his friend he would not, even if all the weight of the sacrifice fell to his share. He had known how to control himself years ago when first he met Rosaleen in the Dean's office, and he would not show less self-control now, even if Donald were to become rude.

"If you get me," Donald continued, "then get this also. Yesterday I received orders from Washington

to take up work in the Canal Zone. I shall leave for that place within a month, and before I go, that is even tomorrow, I shall ask Rosaleen to be my wife. Do you understand?"

Having spoken these words, Donald did not wait for an answer, but hurried out of the room. Garry tried to smile, but it was hard for him to remain composed, as Donald's words had given him a blow that really hurt. Why should Donald become excited? Nothing had been done to interfere with his plans. With this thought in mind, Garry made ready to go to bed. Hardly had he shaken unpleasant thoughts from his mind and composed himself for sleep, when he heard footsteps approaching. He recognized the walk of Donald. A moment later Donald was standing in the doorway; a smile was on his face.

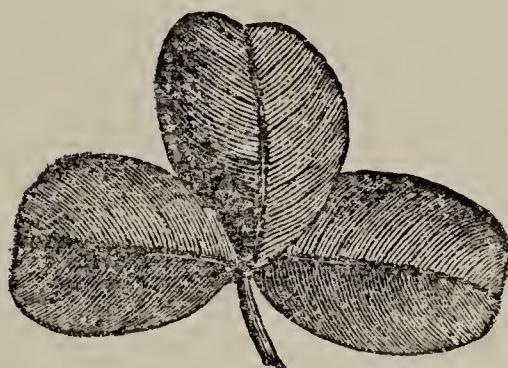
"Hello, old boy," he greeted looking at Garry. "I thought you would be awake. During the past two hours, I have been over to speak to Rosaleen. And here I am divulging a secret when I tell you that she will leave this country in less than two weeks; but she is not going to the Canal Zone. No, she is going to Ireland. She will not have any more of our company while she is here, but she will send you a note giving her address in Dublin. You know what that means; don't you?"

"Rosaleen going to Ireland! No, I don't realize what that means," replied Garry.

"Why, you big chump," returned Donald, "it means that she has set her hat for you and has done so ever since she met you in the Dean's office. This turn of affairs, however, shall make no difference between you and me."

Having spoken these words, Donald smiled, a

very old, a very tired smile it was. Garry received all this information with mingled feelings of joy and regret. His heart went out to Donald, who was so gallant even in defeat. But, he concluded in his own mind, there are things in this world that are 'mine' and 'thine', and some of them are of such a nature that it is correct to say, "Let the heart have its choice."



The Shamrock

W. S. Staudt '33

Tell me, noble trifoliate symbol,
How, you won that place,
In a land forever verdant,
As a sign of heaven's grace.

Is it that St. Patrick chose you
To be a symbol grand;
That to all you'd be a figure
Of faith in that fair land?

Of the Father unbegotten;
Of His only Son;
Of the Paraclete most holy,
The Trinity in One.

Hence it is that Erin took you
As a noble sign
Of a country ever glorious
in a Faith that won't decline.

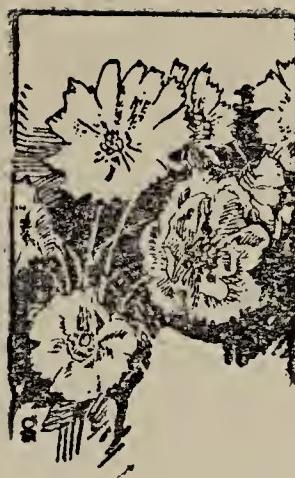
A Day In Winter

A. L. Selhorst '33

As I awoke,
A new day clad in ice and snow
Began his course
O'er plains and forests seared with frost.
Yet from his shoulders broad
There rolled a mantle russet dyed
Which from the rising sun he had purloined
E'er that great eye of light
Was wide awake to spy the theft.

But as he sped,
Great rosy fingers in pursuit
Spread like a web
And took the fleeing day in tow
To make him yield his loot.
And now the strife turned fiery hot;
The mantle burned in one great blazing flame;
Till day stood quite bereft
Of all the spoils that he had ta'en.

The heat allayed;
And day put on the veil of night
With frost and cold
To hide from sight his dire disgrace.
But on his gloomy face,
Now all awry with sore defeat,
He showed the blush that came from flatt'ry rude
As ice and snow essayed
To wrap his weary limbs in sleep.



Nature's Pretty Symbols

Harold Kuhns '33

A SYMBOL, similar to a gesture, is often a more potent way of communicating an idea than are the best and most plainly spoken words. Probably this power of the symbol arises from the continuity of suggestion that it conveys, while the spoken word leaves no further trace of itself beyond the puff of wind which gave it articulation. People may say that they rejoice with those who are glad, and console with those who are in sorrow, but it always requires an act of the memory to recall these expressions of good will or sympathy. A symbol, however, speaks for a long time and drives home its suggestion with a force that will not easily be forgotten. Hence it is that man has resorted to the use of symbols far and wide throughout his social relations. Convenient, of course, he will have symbols to be, and in his search for just a convenient variety, he could find none that are more expressive than flowers.

From the twilight of fable down to the present day, flowers have always been used to connote ideas

and feelings that words could never express so well. In the literature of ancient Egypt, the oldest literature known to man, flowers, employed to communicate ineffable sentiments, divided the honors with garlic, highly prized as a victual, but of ineffable odor. How often does not one who reads the celebrated "Book of the Dead" encounter the tamarisk, the palm flower and the lotus? The last named comes along as frequently in that book as does the expression, "I am the great Cat," and this expression is one of supreme importance. Need it cause surprise that in a country where flowers were so highly symbolical, that a bouquet of flowers was discovered on the sarcophagus of old King Tut, who had rested under it for the great space of three thousand and five hundred years? In the tombs and temples of this ancient swarthy people, flowers, symbolical in meaning, may be found painted on walls and carved and inlaid on doors and pillars.

India, whose people in early times were great fighters as is evident from the leviathan epic, "The Mahabharata," said to be eight times the length of the Iliad and Odyssey combined, has its gorgeous flower, the poppy, endowed with an adorable and sacred character. In the blossom of this flower, so it is maintained in Vedic legends, Brahma was born. Well might he sleep soundly in his imaginary cradle, for he was near the source of opium. But it is not from this product that the flower has its meaning; rather it is a reminder of religious and hospitable disposition on the part of the natives. Distinguished visitors to this fabulous land will find themselves welcomed by decorations devised in their honor in the shape of garlands largely made up of

this variety of flower. It is the flaming red of the poppy that probably attracted the attention of the Hindoos, for this color combines artistically with their usually dark complexions.

It would be a matter of fugitive interest to enumerate in particular the flowers that severally appealed to people of old, or for that matter, to people of the present time. If the ancient Persians loved the rose to such an extent that they celebrated "The Feast of the Roses," so do we in our day show a decided partiality to that flower above all others because of its symbolic meaning of gaiety and love. Not only in secular life does the rose figure prominently, but in decorations for religious ceremonies it also holds pre-eminence above almost every other variety of flowering plant. Its demure coloring, be it from deepest red to purest white, and its abundant fragrance have endeared it to so many people and lovers of art that it is seen to be thrust to the nose more readily than any other flower, and in the reach of literature and art it enjoys so exalted a position that every other bloom and blossom may well be envious of the honor accorded to the rose. Even in intrigue it has played its part. Was it not Madame Defrage, who, while she sat in the wine-shop where people gathered to discuss revolutionary schemes at the approach of the dark days that were to overtake France, put a rose in her hair to indicate that the atmosphere was not clear for bold talk, and then again laid the rose on the table before her to show that everybody might be at ease and talk as he pleased? But if that was a sinister use of the rose, we have another and more beautiful symbolic meaning associated with it in the life of her who is

now a sainted virgin, namely, "The Little Flower."

If chrysanthemums are loved most especially in Japan, they are no less well admired right at home with us. Unfortunately, however, that flower has entered so extensively into the expression of condolence at funerals, that its odor has come to be reminiscent of embalming fluid. Yet in its homeland, "The Land of Chrysanthemums" as Japan is called, this flower must be an accepted symbol of wildest joy and exuberant happiness for it may be seen in lavish use as decorations for festive gatherings while also serving as floral designs on wallpaper, on clothing, on vases, and on vanity articles large and small. If the so-called "No" plays, as found in Japanese literature, were to find their way on the modern stage—a supposition not at all involving an impossibility since they have been translated into English—it might not at all be unexpected to see this or that fair actress carrying a bouquet of huge chrysanthemums, for in those plays this flower is frequently used as a name for a character. But even if Japan is especially partial to the chrysanthemum, the rest of the world cultivates that flower as much as its reputed homeland does and perhaps more abundantly.

But we should in fact be indifferent about Japan with its national emblematic flower, if only it were evident from the literatures of the old Greeks and Romans what flower in particular they prized most highly. It would appear, after reading a considerable amount of Latin and not so much of Greek, unless it be in translations, that the task of discovering exactly what individual flower these historical nations regarded severally as a national favorite is

no less difficult than finding the various missing links so badly wanted in the theory of evolution. What by quarreling, campaigning, and fighting, the Greeks and Romans had no time to reflect on the symbolism of flowers with a more kindly eye than they had for "gramen" and "stramen." In their endless tramping and marching while licking one another, the Greeks; and in speeding about from place to place while licking the world, the Romans must have crushed more flowers into the mud than succeeding generations of people ever found it possible to name. Their poets, however, and that on both sides, frequently refer to flowers, and that probably because they thought that if they did not do so, they would not be real poets; but their references are merely general, unless it be that Virgil and Horace constitute an exception here, for it seems that sometimes these two are quite specific in naming flowers. Yet neither of them was so specific as to write, "My Love is Like a Big Red Rose."

That flowers have attracted the gaze of the human eye from the earliest dawn of history may readily be gleaned from literature that is the most ancient in time; and that they exert an abiding influence as symbols of certain characteristics is plain to everybody even at the present day. Nations throughout the world have their pet blossom, and even every state in our own country has its symbolic flower as well as it has its symbolic nickname. In later centuries, people have far outdone ancient times in the use of floral symbols, so that now we have a specific flower to suggest every passion known to man, and as such, flowers cover the field of later national literatures most profusely. And if

in the days of the forgotten past, flowers were employed to lend a festive aspect to occasions for joy and mirth, they are used to render the same service at present, for there is not a gala festival, not a banqueting table, not a bridal march, and, above all, not a religious celebration into which flowers do not enter to play their part as pretty symbols or as appropriate decorations. Next to food and clothing, in want of which man cannot think peacefully about anything, nature has made its offering of flowers to man to add to his joy, to comfort him in sorrow, and to lend attractiveness to the landscape that meets his view. It has often been said that all wise people love poetry because they perceive sentiments lying between the lines that words cannot express; and it may be said with equal emphasis that all normal people love flowers, for they aid in expressing those things of life, which, though they be framed in the choicest form of speech, cannot be presented with the same appeal even by the most ingenious use of words.

It may not always be an easy matter, when consulting the taste of people to tell precisely what is a flower. The British, for instance love ferns, while the Irish prefer the shamrock to any kind of floral ornament. But if John Bull decides to wear a sprig of fern in the band of his stovepipe hat; and if Mike and Pat are determined to wear a posy of shamrock on the lapels of their coats, we shall allow them to have their way about it in the face of the age old saying, "De gustibus non est disputandum."



De Apostolo Hiberniae

Edward Maziarz '35

Ubi de Sancto Patricio cogito, venit mihi in mentem memoria omnium amicorum meorum Hibernorum, quorum magnum numerum habeo. Dum in schola sumus, perpetuam contentionem et aemulationem habere videmur quis major et melior Sanctus Dei sit, Patricius an Bonifacius. Meum autem, cum neutra gente ortus sim, est in medio stare, omnes controversias et dissensiones judicare, in quantum possum dissidentes componere. Aliquando de omnibus sic disputationibus mihi videtur dicendum esse quod Vergilius poeta Neptunum cum taedio dicere facit: "Quos ego—," nec aliud quidquam addendum putavit.

Sanctus Patricius, quamquam caelestis patronus Hiberniae amanter appellatur, non in ea regione natus est, sed in Scotia, in vico hodie Kilpatrick vocato, piis parentibus circa finem quarti saeculi. Pater ejus, Calphurnius, nobilis Romanus, officio Decurionis in omni Gallia fungebatur. Mater erat Conchessa, quae-dam cognata Sancti Martini Turonensis. Puero adol-

escente, multa et magna miracula ab eo facta esse dicebantur. Glaciem et quam in ignem conversas esse ferunt. Quodam enim die cum aegrotaret, querebatur apud nutricem quod esuriret. Nutrix autem minus affabilis nullum esse in domo ignem ad cibum coquendum respondit, et insuper se esse nimis occupatam quam ut cibum ei pararet. Deinde Patricius parum aquae in manibus sumpsit, et aqua in solum projecta miro modo ignis facta est. Idem alia vice ludens cum parvis amicis.

Sedecim annos natus a praedonibus raptus et in Hiberniam ductus, per sex annos oves captatorum pascere coactus est. De die tamen in diem donec eo loco versabatur, in sanctitate vitae et sapientia dominicali crevit. Ipse in "Confessione" sua scribit se quotidie centies oravisse et Deum laudasse. Exilium suum velut poenam Dei delictis suis debitam habebat. Postquam sex anni vitae Patricii in hunc modum elapsi sunt, illuminatione gratiae Dei incitatus est ut ad quandam navem iret, qua ex Hibernia effugere posset. Cum, angelo viam dirigente, ad navem venisset, nautae qui pagani erant eum primo accipere nolebant eo quod pretium itineris ei deerat; sed cum statim sine altercatione abiturus esset, singulari misericordia moti eum revocaverunt. Itaque cum eis in Britanniam profectus est.

Patricius, cum in Britanniam pervenisset, providentia Dei parentibus iterum consociatus est. Tota familia magnopere gavisa est quod post captivitatem multorum annorum filius sibi sit restitutus, et ab eo enixe petebant ne se iterum relinqueret.

Flagrans vero adest omni tempore in corde Sancti nostri desiderium in Hiberniam redeundi atque eo

Fidei Catholicae afferendae. Ad eam rem conficiendam opus erat in studia litterarum ac sacrae theologiae incumbere, quae studia Turonibus suscepit, ubi magnus numerus discipulorum eo tempore aderant, etiam Britanicorum et Hibernicorum. Studiis denique Autisioduri expletis, pensum Hiberniae evangelizandae non statim est assignatum Patricio, sed cuidam Palladio, qui, Deo sic disponente, haud diu post diem supremum obiit. Neo-sacerdos interim Romam ire contendit et ab ore Celestini Papae I nomen Patercius (id est, pater civium) accepit, quia vitam supernaturalem multis hominibus allatus erat. Patricius (sic postea nomen exprimebatur) deinde episcopus Hiberniae consecratus est.

Quando ad litora Hiberniae primum advenerat, incolae ejus regionis contra eum cum sociis e navibus desilientem arma susceperunt. Locum igitur consiliis suis amiciorem petere coactus est. Deinceps labor hujus nationis evangelizandae eo facilior fit quod captivus in Hibernia linguam Hibernicam bene didicerat. Qua de causa populus magno gaudio affectus est, quod Fidem Christi sua lingua propagatam audit. Trifolium, vulgo "Shamrock" appellatum, ei instrumentum erat mysterii Sanctissimae Trinitatis demonstrandi, quapropter apud Hibernicos ubique terrarum habitantes adhuc hodie colitur. E regione in regionem peragrans, Sanctus Patricius de rebus divinis praedicavit, multos baptizavit, ecclesias loco statuarum paganorum erexit.

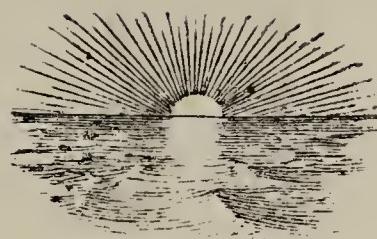
Multa et magna sunt mircula quae in Hibernia Apostolorum fungens officio hic vir patravit. Quidam vir qui contra Deum maledicere non erubuerat ut mortem subitaneam oppeteret effecit; contra hostes

suos motum terrae paravit; densissimam nubem quam Druides diabolica arte super agros confecerant, evanescere coegit.

Etiam omnes angues et alia reptilia venenosa ex Hibernia repulisse dicitur, ob quam causam nostris adhuc diebus sub imagine hujus Sancti depingitur serpens quasi ab pedibus ejus fugiens. Multaque alia mirabilia patravit, quae totum populum et ipsum regem adeo timore primum, deinde admiratione ac veneratione impleverunt, ut pravitatem morum in melioram vitam mutare constituerent et Fidem Christi amplexi sint.

In Breviario Romano die septimo decimo Martii sic legitur de ejus sancto fine: "Assiduis tandem curis pro Ecclesia consumptus, verbo et opere clarus, in extrema senectute divinis mysteriis refectus, obdormivit in Domino, sepultusque est apud Dunum in Ultonia, a christiana salute saeculo quinto."





Sunset

B. Glick '33

The sun went slowly down behind a hill
As I stood near a gliding stream;
What seemed a glimpse of heaven met my view;
No artist's skill could paint this dream.

I watched the flaming beams that seemed to dance
Among the flowers at my feet;
And on the stream they met in tints of gold
And made of waves a fairy fleet.

The St. Joseph's Collegian

March 15, 1933



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J. William McKune, '34	James G. Pike, '33
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Editorials

MAKER OF MEN

Probably as insignificant as was the Austrian composer, Franz Schubert, during his life time, such is Ireland in the scheme of worldly affairs at the present time. Yet like Schubert, this country has left an indelible impression on the chart of civilization through her men who have marked epochs in the realms of history; men, who singularly enough, were prevented for the most part from giving their native land the assistance that was deserved from them.

Most likely it was the fact that Irishmen found their activities hampered in their own land that induced them to emigrate to any country that would give them a habitation. Thus it probably came about that many of them looked for new abodes in Canada, Australia, and the United States. But in no other country have they made a deeper and more lasting impression than in America. Here in 1776 John Barry captained the Lexington during the early days of the Revolutionary War. Here it was also that in the following year, Oliver Perry defeated the British fleet on Lake Erie. Later, in the Civil War, entire companies were composed of Irishmen. Even high commands were intrusted to them, as is evident from the names of McClellan and Sheridan; and where

charity work was needed to care for the wounded, there was that "ministering angel," Sister Anthony, a native from Limerick, whose name was a blessing in particular for the army of Tennessee.

While Ireland has bestowed the flower of her youth on other countries, and among these our own, and has assisted in their development and has worked in the cause of their freedom, she has found it impossible to secure the same blessings for herself. She was a maker of men, but was hindered from using them. Yet the countries that have derived a blessing from her have every reason to entertain friendly sentiments towards her.

M. J. V.

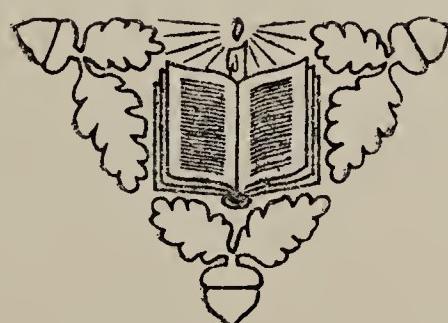
WHAT IS IT?

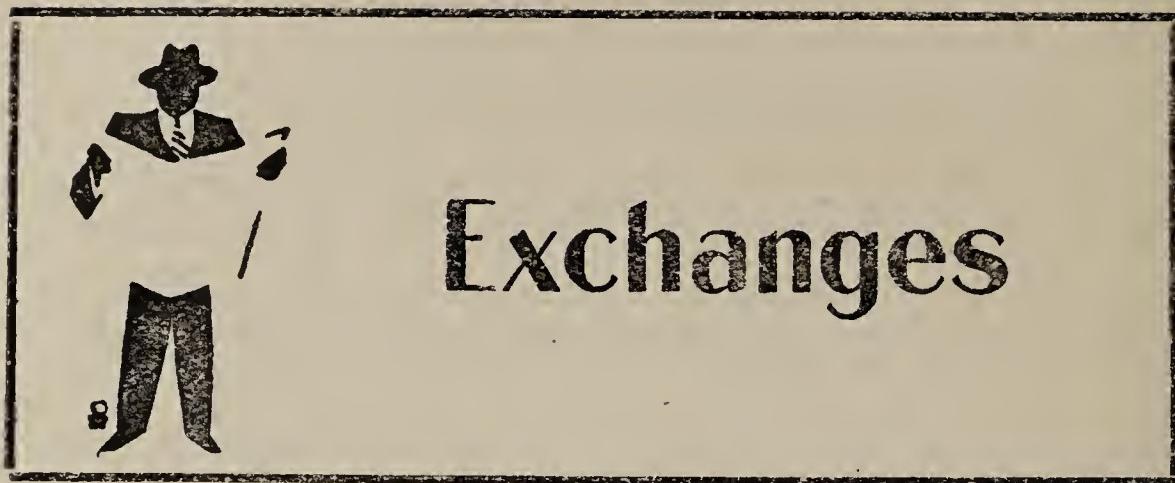
Mah Jong, Contract Bridge, Miniature Golf, Rudy Valee all took this country by storm, but the biggest storm of all, is one raging right now—Technocracy. All the others mentioned have or had their place in the sun, but Technocracy wants to be the sun itself. Much has been said about this leviathan thing of late; the school journals have said the most about it. Surely if any journal should fail to write about it, that journal would be out of date. Of course the thing is a mystery, but then it is the chief function of schools to deal with mysteries; hence the frequent mention of Technocracy. A definition clean-cut of the whole upshot is still in demand, but that says nothing against it. There are other things that still want defining such as logarithms, social control, and slide-rules, and nobody says anything against them just because they happen to remain a little bit obscure. Technocracy, however, wants to be the

government, and before we shall accept it as such, we want to know, and have a right to know what it is.

If we want to know what a thing is, we shall have to ask the experts. In the matter under consideration experts have been asked and have replied in the big national magazines with definitions that are evidently intended to knock the last drop of brain sap out of the heads of inquirers with the result that there is no chance for coming to an understanding. Of course we may be poor fish and, as such, be unable to swallow a big bait, but for all that we shall be content to live on mud-grub until we are sure that the big bait has no hook in it. Of one thing at least we have eased our shoulders in this matter, namely, we have joined the chorus of school publications that say something about Technocracy, but as to the meaning of the thing, that will bother us just as little as it would if the final syllable were spelled "crazy" or otherwise.

H. P. K.





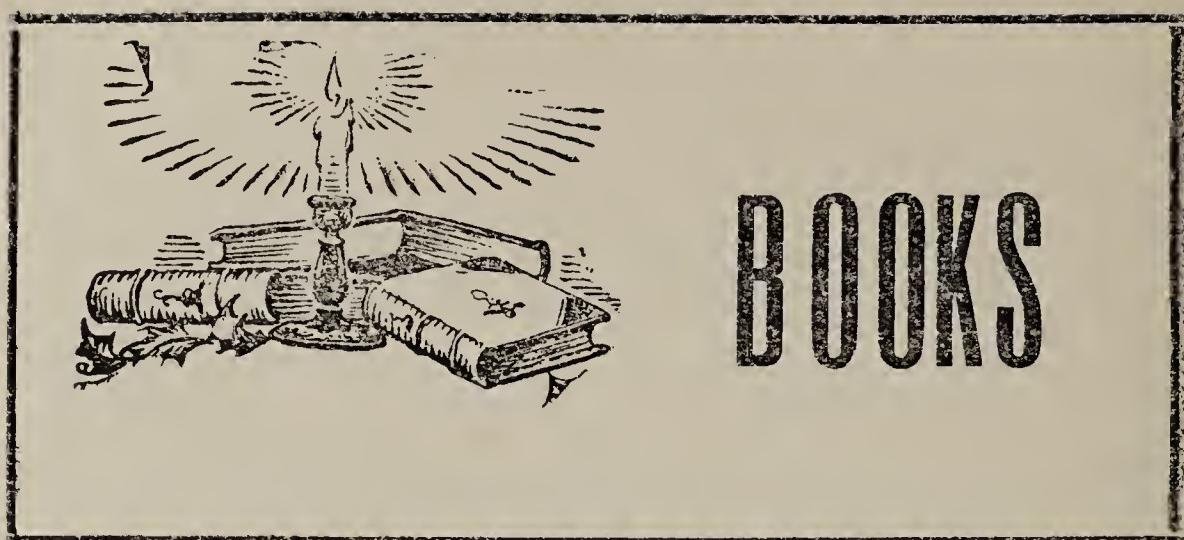
Exchanges

THE LOYOLA QUARTERLY easily ranks so high among the Collegian exchanges that to call it anything less than first class would indicate faulty judgment. It offers a study of practically every subject that comes within the reach of a college magazine, ranging, as it does in its Winter Issue, from the translation of a Spanish sonnet to the review of the contrasts that may be discovered in the philosophic thought of four of the world's greatest reasoners. The latter work is exceptionally ambitious. In every detail it gives that assurance which only competent knowledge could supply. Uniting their efforts, four contributors have each treated one of the four philosophers with much critical insight and in language that is readily understood. In this symposium, the production treating of St. Anselm is particularly attractive. In "The Book Shelf" there is evidence of careful work which makes any reader feel that the ideas there expressed are the result of good judgment.

THE AURORA is a regaling magazine because of its fine arrangement and well diversified subject matter. Its style throughout is so completely clear that it requires few pauses for mental delving. Perhaps its chief quality consists in a pleasant way of

thinking about the topics chosen for treatment; this at least seems so to us after reading several articles given. "John Galsworthy: Author and Playwright" is a cursory account of the purpose which that English novelist had in mind and also of some of the influences that surrounded him. Not every statement made in that estimate meets with our approval, but the essay is worthy of note. In general it is plain that *The Aurora* has developed a productivity that can only result from a thoroughgoing application to much hard work.

In the *PELICAN* from Nazareth College, Louisville, the chief objective seems to be the development of interest, and the contributors have succeeded in their aim to a great extent. There is nothing pretentious at all about the journal, and yet each article contains a suggestion or a fleeting element of beauty that repays reading. Probably the best work in the magazine is found in "Gethsemani Abbey"; a well rounded historical survey of the origin and life of the famous Trappist monastery in Kentucky. The description of the abbey itself, particularly of the interior, is true enough and is also rather surprising, considering the fact that the information which the author expresses must have been acquired indirectly. "Nothing New" is likewise an engaging piece of writing, being a pleasing little love story delivered with a commendable lyric simplicity and charm. As to the publishing of the *Pelican*, it is somewhat unusual and gratifying to see that the magazine is put out minus any advertising support.



BOOKS

CHARLEMAGNE, FIRST OF THE MODERNS

By Charles Edward Russell

Of all the men who have played an important part in the history of modern Europe, probably the one of whose character there have been the least number of accurate estimates is Charlemagne. This is not difficult to understand. Charles was first of all five or six hundred years ahead of his times. To his contemporaries the big, virile man, with his amazing religious fervor, irreconcilable immoralities, and radical political ideas was an unfathomable mystery.

Many liked him, more hated him, everyone respected him (or was soon convinced of the errors of his ways), no one understood him. The impression created by the very intensity and vitality of the man made any cool appraisal of his character an utter impossibility for the superstitious, childlike men with whom he was chiefly associated. Those who may have possessed the ability to judge and delineate character were so overawed by the sheer marvel of the man that their sense of perspective was completely destroyed. The mass of fiction and romance invented by his own generation wrapped him

in a cloak of vagueness to such an extent that his existence began to be doubted, and he evolved into a myth, a phantasm, another Arthur.

Mr. Edward Russell has delved through the manifold strata of fancy, fiction, and hero worship. He has carefully explored the Charlemagne Capitularies or circular letters, from which negative he has developed the King's own picture, unconsciously and therefore indubitably drawn. He has emerged from his research work with a dignified, scholarly, if occasionally shaky, portrait of the real Charlemagne, "abounding in shortcomings and inconsistencies, who found Europe a seething madhouse of misrule and left it reduced to order, method and sanity."

The style combines a unique sentence structure, a dry humor, and subtle ironies, which make the book thoroughly fascinating. The topical rather than the strictly chronological arrangement is followed—perhaps a necessity in dealing with this inscrutable, many-sided man.

A. F. H.

THE VOYAGEUR
By Grace Lee Nute

The history of few men is as interesting as that of the voyageurs in Canada and the United States. These picturesque frontiersmen had much to do with the shaping of our northern boundary. It was the voyageur who by manning the fur-trader's canoes, driving his dog team, and defending the forts, made settlement and exploration possible in the north.

Miss Nute in this volume vividly and sincerely recreates the voyageur's interesting personality. She narrates the story of his appearance, travels, life at home and at the fort, as a settler and explorer,

and his cheerfulness while he is at work. We may find the voyageur, during his leisure hours, sitting on the edge of a mountain-cliff vigorously puffing at his pipe or merrily singing one of those pleasant French airs. His gaudy dress consists of a short shirt, a woolen cap, a blue capote, the azion, a many-colored sash, leggings of deer skin, reaching from his ankles to his knees, and deer skin moccasins. Although one may suppose these voyageurs to have been robust, yet the average height was five feet six inches; and to be sure there were no Falstaffs. Nevertheless, the voyageur was strong. He could paddle his canoe three fourths of the day and never be tired. He could carry from two to four hundred pounds of merchandise on his back over some rocky portage at such a pace that it would require an ordinary traveler, although unencumbered, to pant for breath. This dauntless and speedy adventurer willingly endured the cold, exposure, the savage onslaught of the Indians, and very often starvation. Even though the passing of the voyageur may have been slow so that no one noticed it, yet we can still find traces of him and his work, especially in the names of our northern cities as Detroit, Grossepoint, Prairie du Chien, and Fond du Lac.

Because Miss Nute's purpose in writing was to show the importance and influence of the voyageurs upon the history of our country and Canada her format is a matter-of-fact style; and thus she fails to sustain interest throughout. Notwithstanding this fact Miss Nute has indeed succeeded in giving us a true picture of the jauntiness, naivete, and the blithe spirit of that outstanding warrior, the voyageur.

J. L. A.



Alumni

On March eleventh, His Excellency, Bishop Schrembs ordained twenty-eight deacons to the sacred priesthood at St. John's Cathedral, Cleveland, Ohio. One of those who were ordained was Herman A. Klocker, an alumnus of the class of '25. The COLLEGIAN extends its congratulations to Father H. Klocker.

Other alumni who are pursuing theological studies at the Seminary of Our Lady of the Lake in Cleveland are Francis Denka '26, Caspar Heimann '28, and Michael Hnat.

With deepest regret the COLLEGIAN records the death of Cletus Wagner, a graduate of '24. His death occurred recently when he was drowned while skating on the Portage Lakes near his home at Akron, Ohio.

Believe it or not, strange things happen in places other than at St. Joe's. One bit of the strangest news that has appeared in this column in a long time comes from St. Meinrad's. Stranger than fiction it may seem, nevertheless, Ignatius "Yicks" Vichuras '32 received one hundred per cent in application, discipline and regularity. Yicks, life at St. Meinrad's must be exceptionally agreeable to you.

Sylvester Schmitt, who attended St. Joe's from

'26 to '29, now holds a responsible position as foreman in a tractor shop in Sioux City, Iowa. A former star on St. Joe's gridiron, he is still remembered as a real sportsman both in victory and in defeat. Success to you, Syl!

At St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, Arthur Meiering of the class of '34 is making good, not as a philosopher nor theologian, but as a baker. Where Art secured the ability to furnish such delicate foods as pies and cakes, is unknown to everybody, yet we hope that the seminarians are getting acquainted with ever bigger and better pies.

It is with sorrow that we learn that Othmar Missler C. PP. S. of Carthagena was forced to discontinue his studies temporarily on account of illness. Othmar was a member of the class of '29. The present members of the staff extend their sincerest wishes for a speedy recovery of health on his part.

Lawrence J. Gowney C. PP. S., also of Carthagena, who is convalescing from a recent and severe attack of pneumonia, is now in a Dayton hospital. We trust that he will soon be well and will be able to resume his studies. Good luck, Larry.

John Kemper of the class of '34, who was recognized among his friends as a promising artist, is still trudging the trail of the great masters. Late-ly we have received news that John is taking an ex-tended course in arts at Fort Recovery, Ohio. His many friends and classmates, who have marveled at specimens of the budding painter's skill, wish him the best of luck in his undertaking.



LOCALS

In Memoriam

THE COLLEGIAN extends condolence to Henry Rager at the death of his beloved mother. R. I. P.

A MAN OF THE AGE

It had been announced a week previous that a lecture was to be given on the 12th of February. Of course, time had created stories; and as the curtain arose on the night of the twelfth a great deal was expected. Father I. J. Rapp made a speedy introduction, clearing the floor for a man who was to entertain and teach for a scheduled hour and a half.

Did you ever see, hear or talk to a man who could spill a line faster than you ever hope to think, and that all the way from the monkeys of Kalamazoo to bamboozling technocracy? No? Then you were not here on Lincoln's birthday to hear the famous Redpath lecturer, Frederick Snyder, the sworn optimist, who mercilessly diagnosed the nation's muckraking papers, praised the men of science and education and gave the audience an insight into a world-traveler's philosophy of life. Amid the bursts of spasmodic humour, came scintillating bits of truth about this

mad whirling planet of ours. Under his guiding genius, the audience was led expectantly into the electronic compartments of the atom, upon the frozen steppes of Russia, and onward to the starving, demoralized mobs of India and China. Neither did the nincompoops of the many brainless American societies, nor the hoodlums in the political arena, escape the cruel lashing thong of this iconoclast. Iconoclast? Yes, but more, an icon builder, too—one with supreme confidence in the ultimate re-adjustment of the human race under the guiding hand of Providence. Despite unprecedented rascality in business, nauseating depravity in human society, he yet said, "And with the neurasthenic pessimism of Shaw and Wells." Against the tide or with it, let the world's motto be ever: "Ad astra, tunc ad coelos".

However above the din of the euphemistic analysis of the world's troubles, and of the confidence in man's final triumph over himself and nature, could be heard the faint voice of "one crying in the wilderness." So much literature today "is vitiated by a complete absence of philosophical principles and by a vague optimism which slurs over the real difficulties of the situation and offers good will as a substitute for clear thinking. We have lost faith in humanity, and that faith was the central dogma and inspiration of the whole modern development. We no longer believe that progress is a necessary and automatic process, and that if men are left free to follow their own devices they will inevitably grow happier and wiser and more prosperous. But, though the leaders

of the world have shut Christ out, He will enter again if they ask Him. If they do not admit Him, their own dire prophecies of the disintegration of civilization will be realized. It is either Christ or Chaos."

AN OPEN-AIR MAN

While painting the college flag pole, Mr. R. C. Downey hung suspended in the air very high above the ground. But it was not his first trip to mid air. For twenty-five days and nights, from July 4 to 29, 1929, he sat on the flag pole at the Morrison Hotel, Chicago. Though he fell 125 feet on June 25, 1924, from the smoke stack at the Indiana Veneer Company of Indianapolis, he had the pluck and courage to be the only one to scale the Soldier's and Sailor's Monument at the Hoosier Metropolis. At New York City, he gold-leafed the crosses on the spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral—the two tallest spires in the United States. In addition to this he says in a modest way that he "had the honor of directing the building of the world's largest brick chimney at Great Falls, Montana, for the American Smelting and Refining Co. Furthermore, I have worked on over 4000 structures of different kinds. Over 2500 of them have been brick and concrete chimneys. The 777 foot wireless tower of reinforced concrete in Tokyo, Japan, was erected under my direction." To this long list of famous structures he now has the privilege of adding one more—St. Joe's flag pole.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Perhaps it makes no difference, but together

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

with the rest of the nation St. Joe's, in its own humble way, celebrated the birthday of the Father of Our Country. Although a veritable gale was sweeping over this section of the country, the morning sun had the opportunity to laugh at many a St. Joe's nature lover as he struggled with the elements in order to visit his favorite haunt somewhere in the wide open spaces of the surrounding country side. When the sun was half way across the sky, it witnessed another sight. Groups of students holding tight their hats and coats could be seen plodding their way to Rensselaer. Joe E. Brown in "You Said a Mouthful" was the attraction which lured many into the Palace Theatre for an enjoyable afternoon. A few hours later, the sun slowly sank, seemingly well pleased that all St. Joe's had enjoyed another of those ever interesting free days.

A NOVICE OF THE LORD

Brother Bernard, who for many years has been the faithful chamberlain for the Professors who reside in the Faculty Building, was recently removed to St. Charles Seminary at Carthagena. The duties of his former position have already been assumed by Lawrence Wind, a postulant for the Brotherhood in the Society of the Precious Blood. Lawrence Wind, the COLLEGIAN proffers you its congratulations on the step you have taken, and hopes that you will find many happy days here at St. Joseph's.

RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB



The Raleigh Club, the genial entertainer of gentlemen around Collegeville, is now preparing something new in the line of show work. This time it will extend its compliments to the entire student body. In the near future, a minstrel show will be staged in Alumni Hall with everything, except songs, a product of local talent. Rev. Henry Lucks is taking care of the choral selections; hence the best may well be expected in the art of song. Edward Fischer will be the immediate cause of the hilarious laughter that naturally flows during the performance as a result of his original and humorous conundrums.

Another championship has been established in the Raleigh Club. The honors belonging to it go to "Stan" Manoski, who now reigns as the undisputed ping-pong king. "Stan," by persistently and steadily placing the ball in undesirable positions, managed to gain the title after six games. Dick Connelly, although he is a newcomer in the game, put up a real fight for honors, and at times caused alarming situations for the champion.

Private programs in the club room on every Sunday evening have become an added feature of Raleigh Club entertainment. "Rusty" and "Vandy" are again to sing in the limelight, harmonizing and blending together the soothing strains of modern

melodies. Walter Steiger promises bigger and better performances after he gets the minstrel show off his hands.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

Great zeal and interest were exhibited by the Dwengerites at a recent meeting held February 18. Following the regular business procedure, Stanislaus Manoski introduced the Catholic Action program by a short and well rounded address on "The Catholic Press". Aloys Selhorst, the first speaker, under the title of "The Necessity of Religion," showed that religion is to the soul what air is to the body; namely the most important element for sustaining life. "Supporting the Catholic Press" was the title of a speech delivered by William Voors. His endeavor was to prove that Catholic papers are just as interesting, more educational, and more beneficial to the Catholic reader than the secular papers. The last speaker of the evening, John Zink, pleaded earnestly for more extensive and purposed reading of the Catholic press, in a talk entitled, "The Common School of all the Faithful".

Nor did the youngsters take a nap during these talks, since lively musical renditions were cleverly interwoven among the speeches. The violin solos entitled, "Salute D'Amour" by Elgar and "Chanson Triste" by Tschaikowsky were rendered by Edward Zukowski, who was accompanied by George Hess at the piano. "The Fourth Barcarolle" by Godard was interpreted by Hess with surprising skill.

The audience received a pleasant surprise when Fr. C. Lutkemeier presented a repertoire of classical music by the interpretations of which he is also fav-

orably remembered by former Dwengerites. Among the most popular numbers that Fr. Camillus played were: "Rustle of Spring" by Sinding, "Norwegian Bridal Procession" by Grieg, and the "Butterfly" by Lavallee. Only with difficulty did he succeed in leaving the audience after an hour of playing, due to persistent encores.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Interesting indeed, was the program presented by the C. L. S. on the eve of Washington's birthday. The evening's entertainment was opened by vice-president, James Pike, who prepared the way for the president, by a well composed and properly delivered introduction. A comparison of Washington with three other men of the world, who are called great, was the essence of Leonard Fullenkamp's address, who is the president for the ensuing term.

Immediately following this was a farcical debate: "Resolved: That halitosis is a greater menace to society than dandruff". The affirmative was upheld by Leonard Sudhoff, the negative by William Staudt. Although this was a departure from the regular C. L. S. debating standard, nevertheless, the reaction of the audience proved that this deviation was welcome.

A comedy drama in three acts entitled, "The Man in the Shadow", by Lindsey Marbee, was the last feature of the program.

This play was entirely of a serious nature. It pictured a guilty man fighting his conscience in order to keep a secret. But struggle as he might, he could

find no rest. Finally, overwhelmed by the pangs of conscience, he confessed everything and was ready to take the consequences.

The compliments given to the actors after their performance were well earned. Although the play itself was very successfully staged, yet plays of this type tax the ability of actors to the utmost who have no more experience in dramatic production, than college students can acquire.

MUSIC

A clear, resonant trumpet call opened the concert and was followed by the initial piece, that old favorite, "The Entry of the Gladiators" by Fuch. The melody, martial in spirit, requires vim and zest to be played properly, and these elements were evident in the interpretation. G. Rossini's, "Italians in Algeria", a more exacting selection, disclosed a regard for shadings and nuances. This composition by the Italian composer is a standard piece in the concert world, and has been presented already twice this year at the college. A charming and graceful work, is the popular Viennese melody "The Old Refrain" as

V. J. V.

Basketball



TRICKY "TWINS"

One of the treats at the home games was the acrobatic performance of "Cop" DeCocker and "Billy" Stack. To anyone who happens to be acquainted with "Cop" it will be no surprise to hear that his partner does not tip the scales much over one hundred pounds.

ST. JOE, 16; HUNTINGTON, 30

On February 4th, a day that was very cold, the Cardinals traveled to Huntington, Indiana. In the game that followed in the Huntington College gymnasium, DeCook's team was unable to make the sort of showing that was expected. The Foresters jumped into the lead at the outset and at the end of the half were leading, 16-7.

The second half continued much as had the first, the Cardinals being unable to stop the Huntington offense. Repeated substitutions failed to halt the trend of the game. Several long baskets by Kelsey, Huntington center, and the failure of their own attempts at points, spirited as they were, permitted the margin of victory to widen as the game progressed. In the scoring Kelsey was high with eight points, while the sixteen markers made by the Cardinals

were about equally divided between them, none of them succeeding in making more than one field goal.

Lineup and summary:

Cardinals (16)	B. F. P.	Foresters (30)	B. F. P.
Hession, f. -----	0 1 3	Ware, f. -----	3 0 2
McKune, f. -----	0 0 0	Carrick, f. -----	3 0 1
Danehy, f. -----	1 1 0	Kelsey, c. -----	4 0 0
Traser, f. -----	1 0 0	Goslee, g. -----	0 0 1
Manoski, f. -----	1 2 0	Davis, g. -----	1 0 0
Fontana, c. -----	1 1 2	Ulrich, g. -----	0 0 2
Scheidler, g. -----	0 1 2	Coble, g. -----	3 2 2
Horriigan, g. --	1 0 1		
Siefer, g. -----	0 0 0		
<hr/>			
Totals -----	5 6 8	Totals -----	14 2 9

Official, Regnier, Huntington.

ST. JOE, 44; KOKOMO JUNIOR COLLEGE, 26

In a return game with Kokomo Junior College here on February 11th, the Cardinals were not at all forced to extend themselves. Shortly after the beginning of play it became evident that the visitors were unable to match the speed and systematic play of the home team and when the half ended, the visitors were trailing, the score being 26-5.

With many St. Joe substitutes in the game after the intermission, Kokomo took the opportunity to improve the looks of the score. Exceptionally brilliant one-handed shots by Reese, Kokomo forward, together with fast under-the-basket shots by the Cardinals, enlivened the contest. Reese with fifteen points for the visitors, and Fontana and Hession with nine and ten points respectively, for the Cardinals, were the high scorers.

BASKETBALL

In the preliminary game the Cardinal reserves won from the Rensselaer Orioles, 31-29. In this game, White, with twelve points for the Reserves and Eger, with ten for the Orioles, were highest.

Lineup and summary:

Cardinals (44)	B.	F.	P.	Kokomo (26)	B.	F.	P.
Danehy, f. -----	1	0	2	Reese, f. -----	7	1	1
Downey, f. -----	1	1	1	Freeman, f. -----	1	2	2
Manoski, f. -----	0	0	0	Thompson, f. ---	1	0	2
Hession, f. -----	5	0	1	Sanders, g. -----	0	2	1
Traser, f. -----	1	0	1	Schwenger, g. --	1	1	1
Welch, f. -----	0	0	2	Whitley, g. ----	0	0	1
Fontana, c. ----	2	5	0	Howard, g. -----	0	0	1
Petit, c. -----	2	0	3				
Scheidler, g. -----	3	0	2				
McKune, g. -----	0	0	2				
Horrigan, g. --	1	0	1				
Siefer, g. -----	3	0	0				
<hr/>				<hr/>			
Totals -----	19	6	15	Totals -----	10	6	9

Official, J. Strole, Rensselaer.

ST JOE, 48; WOLCOTT, 18

In a loosely played but not uninteresting game St. Joe's Red Birds on February 15th won from the Wolcott Independents, 48-18. The locals were considerably superior to the Wolcott team whose ball handling and shooting was far from what was necessary in order to win. Repeatedly Fontana and Hession broke through their defense to score baskets. At the half St. Joe's lead was 20-8.

With numerous St. Joe substitutes being inserted after the intermission, the score, nevertheless, kept mounting rapidly. Traser and Siefer each scored

three baskets, and Scheidler, who has the very good knack of disconcerting the opposition with long ones, came through with ten points. The bombardment might have continued all evening had not the unruly disposition of the timekeeper brought the game to a close with a shot that resounded throughout the gym. Outstanding on the part of Wolcott was the work of Bollier on offense and that of Timmons on defense. The final score was 48-18, this victory making the Cardinal's eighth of the season.

Lineup and summary:

Cardinals (48)	B. F. P.	Wolcott (18)	B. F. P.
Danehy, f. -----	0 2 0	Hanna, f. -----	1 1 1
Downey, f. -----	1 0 2	Boze, f. -----	0 0 0
Welch, f. -----	1 0 0	Bollier, f. ----	2 4 4
Hession, f. -----	3 2 0	R. Kercher, f. --	0 0 0
Traser, f. -----	3 0 1	Keller, c. -----	1 1 1
Manoski, f. -----	1 0 1	E. Kercher, c. --	0 0 3
Fontana, c. -----	3 4 2	Guingrick, g. --	0 0 0
Petit, c. -----	0 0 2	Timmons, g. --	1 2 4
Scheidler, g. -----	4 2 1	Thurston, g. --	0 0 0
McKune, g. -----	0 0 2		
Horriigan, g. ---	0 0 0		
Siefer, g. -----	3 0 2		
<hr/>			
Totals -----	19 10 13	Totals -----	5 8 13

Official, J. Strole, Rensselaer.

ST. JOE, 36; SACRED HEART, 22

Sacred Heart of Whiting in its game here on February 19th showed that it is a team of much ability. The game was fast, clean, and good naturally played, at the end of which one could hear the expression that it had been the best thus far played

here this season. The visiting team possessed poise and precision of the sort that any team might envy; nevertheless, the second-half play of the home team left no doubt as to how the game would eventually turn out.

After the first half, which stood 11-9 in St. Joe's favor, Traser and Downey, now put in as forwards, added considerable zest to the game. Between them they accounted for five baskets in quick succession to give St. Joe a comfortable lead. While the Red and Purple were never very hard pressed in the second half, baskets by Stack, Dillon, and O'Donnell warned them that their defense had to remain air-tight.

Lineup and summary

Cardinals (36)	B.	F.	P.	S. Heart (22)	B.	F.	P.
Danehy, f. -----	2	1	0	Dillon, f. -----	2	1	1
Hession, f. -----	2	0	2	Buckley, f. -----	0	0	1
Downey, f. -----	2	0	0	O'Donnell, f. --	2	0	2
Traser, f. -----	3	0	1	Mauchak, c. -----	0	2	2
Fontana, c. -----	2	5	0	Harmon, c. -----	2	1	3
Petit, c. -----	0	0	0	Lesar, g. -----	0	0	0
Scheidler, g. ---	0	1	2	Stack, g. -----	1	2	1
Horriigan, g. ---	2	2	1	McGroarty, g. --	1	0	1
Siefer, g. -----	0	1	0				
<hr/>				<hr/>			
Totals -----	13	10	6	Totals -----	8	6	11

Official, J. Strole, Rensselaer.

ST. JOE, 32; GALLAGHER, 25

In the first inter-state engagement, the Cardinals on February 25th met Gallagher Business College of Kankakee, Illinois, a team that came here with the best of intentions to have its own way up to and

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including the winning of the game. It was a mighty good team ,and failed only because of its inability to score the number of points needed.

In this game, St. Joe's offense in the first half was weak, the score at the intermission being 16-13 against them. The brilliant floor work and shooting of Mooney, for the visitors, was very noticeable during this half. Though the score during the second half remained very close, the Cardinals gradually forged ahead, owing to timely shots by Fontana and Danehy and the close defensive work of Scheidler and Horrigan. For Gallagher, the work of Mooney was closely matched by that of Dawkins, Richards, and Caron.

Lineup and summary:

Cardinals (32)	B.	F.	P.	Gallagher (25)	B.	F.	P.		
Danehy, f.	----	2	3	0	Caron, f.	-----	2	0	1
Downey, f.	----	1	1	1	Martens, f.	----	1	2	4
Hession, f.	----	3	0	0	Bunzey, f.	-----	0	0	2
Traser, f.	-----	0	0	1	Dawkins, c.	----	1	2	1
Fontana, c.	----	4	2	3	Richards, g.	----	1	0	3
Petit, c.	-----	0	0	0	Mooney, g.	----	4	3	1
Scheidler, g.	---	2	0	3					
Horrigan, g.	---	0	0	3					
Siefer, g.	-----	1	0	2					
<hr/>									
Totals	-----	13	6	14	Totals	-----	9	7	12

Official, J. Strole, Rensselaer.

ST. JOE, 31; C. Y. O., 26

The second invasion by an Illinois team, February 26th, was the occasion of an intensely exciting afternoon. While some of the teams that preceded the Niles Center team of the Chicago district here

BASKETBALL

were thought to be about the stiffest opposition to be met with, the game last Sunday changed any such opinion. Without doubt this was the best game of the season thus far.

It was the second straight game in which the Cardinals were behind at the end of the first half. Niles Center played brilliant ball to hold the lead at the rest period, the score being 14-11. St. Joe's concerted drive in the second half, however, was fast and accurate enough to assure victory. Captain Danehy, whose all around work was spectacular, assisted to the limit by Scheidler, Fontana, Horrigan and Hession, presented an enthusiastic crowd with a spectacle of real basketball.

Zuercher who showed exceptional ability at the foul line and on the defense, led the visiting team in the scoring with thirteen points.

Lineup and summary:

Cardinals (31)	B. F. P.	C. Y. O. (26)	B. F. P.
Danehy, f. ----	3 2 0	W. Garry, f. --	1 0 1
Downey, f. ----	0 0 0	Rush, f. -----	2 2 3
Hession, f. ----	2 4 0	Zuercher, c. ----	4 5 3
Traser, f. -----	1 0 0	J. Garry, g. ----	1 0 2
Fontana, c. ----	1 2 2	Groark, g. ----	1 0 0
Scheidler, g. ----	3 1 3	Schmidt, g. ----	0 1 1
Horrigan, g. ---	1 0 3	Rose, g. -----	0 0 2
<hr/>			
Totals -----	11 9 7	Totals -----	9 8 12

Official, J. Strole, Rensselaer.

Don Skelly a sports-writer for Northern Indiana recently wrote in the Lake County Times:

"The most smartly and smoothest coached quint I have seen in many a blue moon is the St. Joseph's

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College outfit, which defeated the St. John parish team recently. The credit goes to Ray DeCook, ex-Notre-Dame center, who is the Jasper County school's coacher."

SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Team	W.	L.	Pct.
FIFTHS -----	3	1	.750
FOURTHS -----	3	1	.750
SIXTHS -----	1	3	.250
THIRDS -----	1	3	.250

Latest Results

Fifths 25 vs Fourths 22
Fourths 13 vs. Thirds 12
Sixths 16 vs. Fifths 7
Fourths 31 vs. Sixths 13
Fifths 29 vs. Thirds 16
Fourths 24 vs. Fifths 23

JUNIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Team	W.	L.	Pct.
Cardinal Juniors -----	2	0	1000
Celtics -----	1	0	1000
Archers -----	1	1	.500
Red Devils -----	1	1	.500
Trojans -----	0	1	.000
Basketeers -----	0	2	.000

Recent Games

Cardinal Jrs. 13 vs. Red Devils 8
Archers 17 vs. Basketeers 16
Red Devils 18 vs. Basketeers 6
Cardinal Juniors 24 vs. Archers 10
Celtics 11 vs. Trojans 10



Humor

Prof: "The ancient Greeks often committed suicide."

Smolar: "Strange! You can only do it once now."

Bucher: "At last, I've passed in Greek!"

Bubala: "Honestly?"

Bucher: "Don't be so inquisitive."

Papa: "Little Red Riding Hood went for a tramp in the woods."

Little Daughter: "Wasn't she awfully young, Daddy,"

TEN SECONDS TO GO

Some people wash their faces

Each morning in the sink;

Others use the drinking fountain

And do it while they drink

Journalism Prof: "In writing news about deaths what should be avoided?"

Leon: "One should endeavor not to hurt their feelings."

Prof: "Kelly, you have been absent from the last four classes, why?"

Kelly: "I was sick."

Prof: "Sick? You don't look it."

Kelly: "Yes? Sick of going to classes."

Schroeder: "Would you talk to a ghost if one appeared to you?"

Zimmerman: "No. I'm not well enough versed in the dead languages."

John's stopped smoking,
So has Bill.
They smoked last time
In a powder mill.

Will miracles ever cease! Only last week Joe O'Leary requested that his weight be reduced by one hundred pounds. The wonder was performed—by Mr. Bortz—the photographer.

Dentist: "So this tooth has never been filled before. Strange that the drill has small pieces of gold on it."

Steiger: "Probably you struck my back collar button."

Many a time after a game it would have been highly proper for a basketball player to sing to the basket, "Oh How I Missed You Tonight."

"A man is never older than he feels," stated Rastetter, "this morning I feel like a two year old."

"Egg or horse?" asked Sheehan.

HUMOR

Rausch: "I wonder why it's so expensive to go to Europe."

Volin: "Probably because the ships get docked every time."

Baker Olander: "I made seventy-two holes this morning before breakfast."

Manoski: "Great scot man, it's impossible."

Baker: "Oh yes, I baked doughnuts."

Newell: "How can I keep my toes from going to sleep?"

Dean: "Don't let them turn in."

Bill Pank: "I understand you called me a dog."

Traser: "Not me. You're barking up the wrong tree, old man."

Jacobs: "Miller is very egotistical, don't you think?"

Watzen: "Why so?"

Jacobs: "Can't you see it in his I's."

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